MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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Words and Music

by

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

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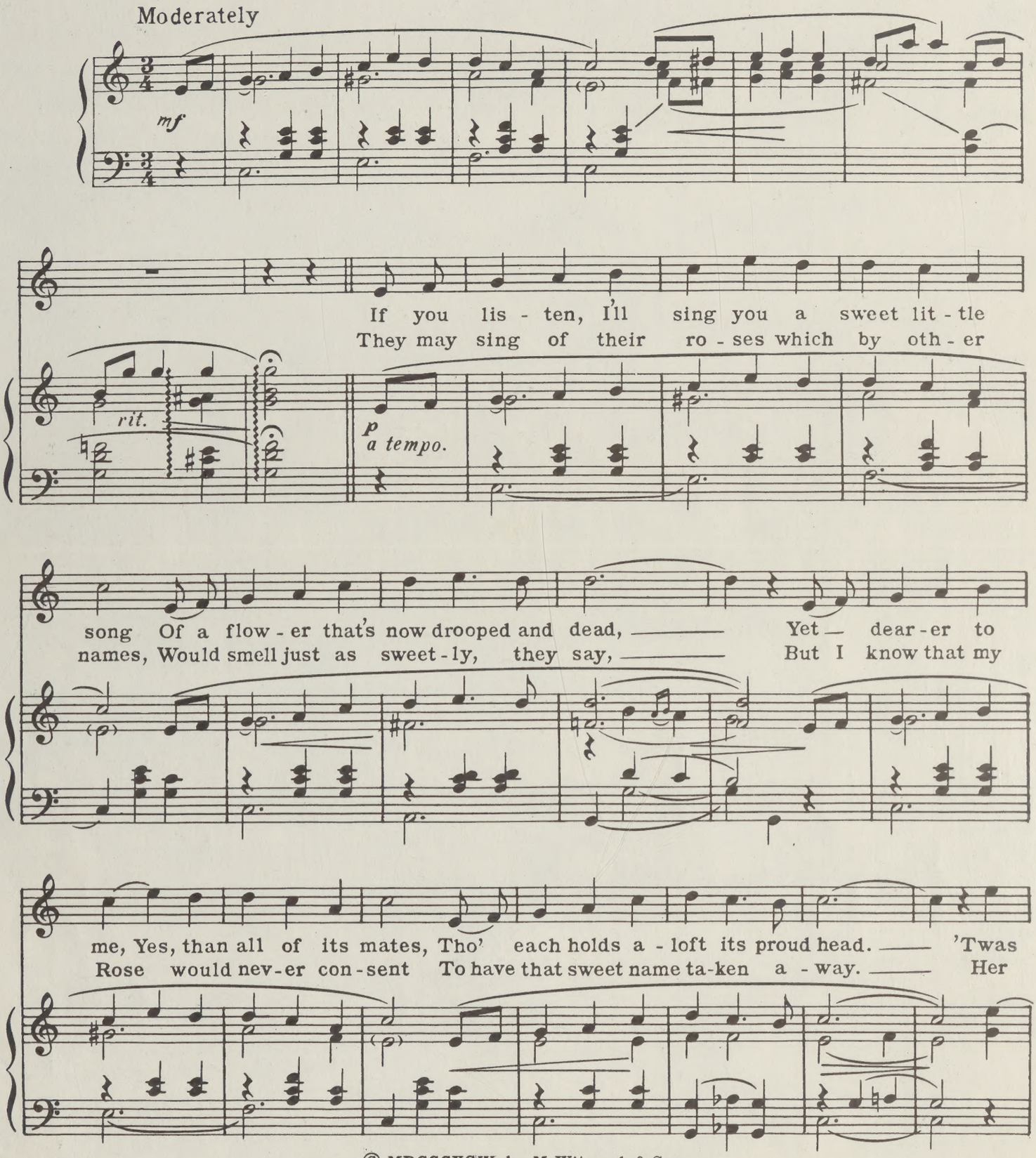
Moderately
mf
If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which by oth - er
rit.
p
a tempo.
song Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead, Yet dear - er to
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say, But I know that my
me, Yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds a - loft its proud head. 'Twas
Rose would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name ta - ken a - way. Her

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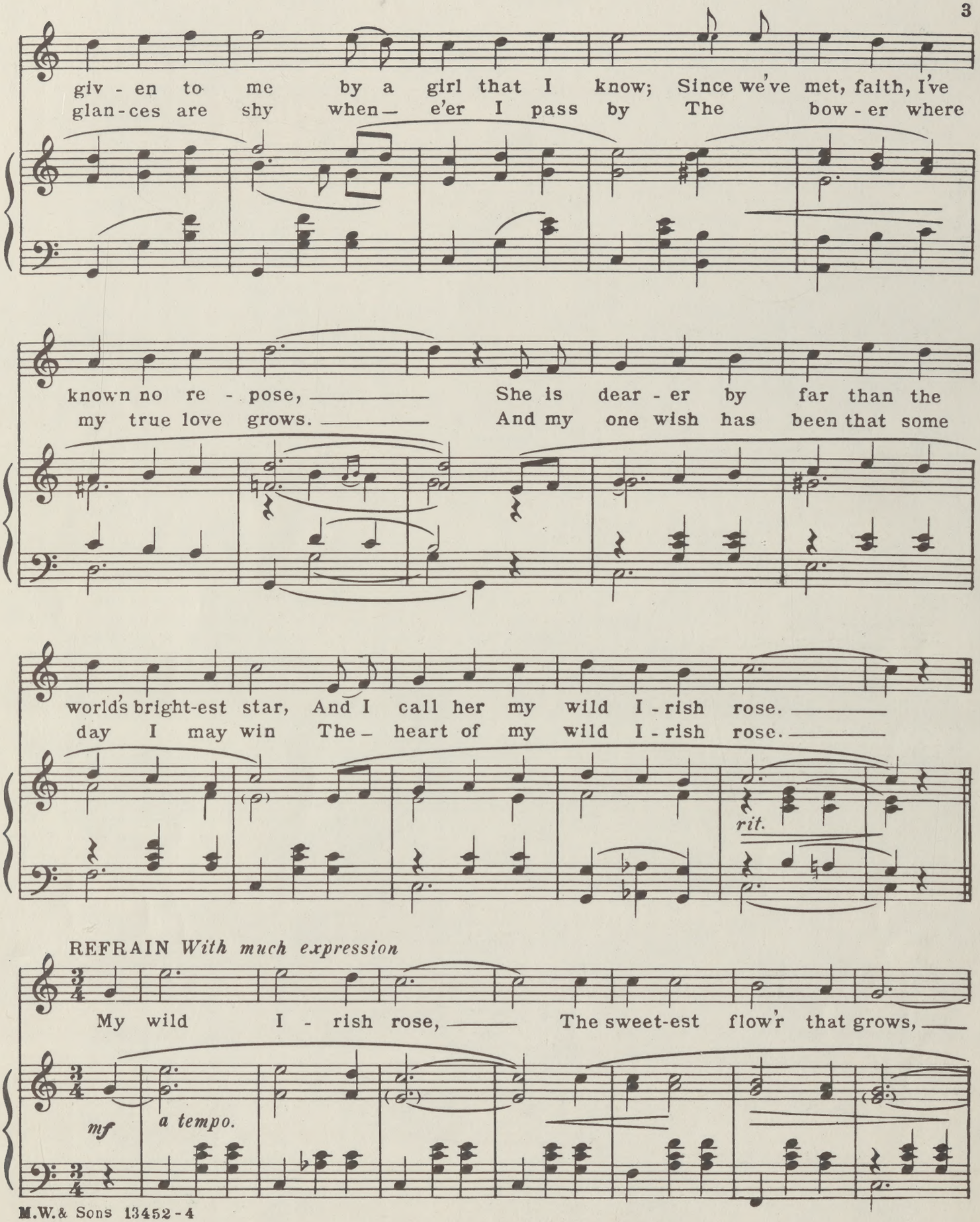
giv - en to me by a girl that I know; Since we've met, faith, I've
glan - ces are shy when— e'er I pass by The bow - er where
known no re - pose, She is dear - er by far than the
my true love grows. And my one wish has been that some
world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I - rish rose.
day I may win The— heart of my wild I - rish rose.
rit.
REFRAIN With much expression
My wild I - rish rose, The sweet-est flow'r that grows,
mf
a tempo.

— You may search ev-'ry-where, but none can com-pare With my wild
I-rish rose. My wild I-rish rose,
mf
— The dear-est flow'r that grows, And some day for my
rit.
sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I-rish rose.
rit.